Chimaera by Rea07

Series: Chimaera [1]
Category: Danny Phantom
Genre: Angst, Animal Ghost Fusion, Bigender Character, Danny's sort of rich in this hahaha, F/M, Fusion, Gen, Ghost Zone (Danny Phantom), I have SO MUCH i could say about how they designed the GZ, M/M, Multi, Running away from home, Semi-helpful Vlad, Trans Danny Fenton, Vlad Maddie and Jack are poly, but Maddie and Jack dont know about halfas, but im in love with fantastical landscapes so thats just me, character blending with a dash of hivemind personality, interconnected oneshot collection
Characters: Danny Fenton, Jack Fenton, Jazz Fenton, Maddie Fenton, Sam Manson, Tucker Foley, Vlad Masters
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Summary:

They are one and they are three.

They are human, ghost, animal and everything in between.

They are Chimaera.

.

Or: Danny, Sam and Tucker enter the Ghost Portal… with a few rampaging animal ghosts following behind.

Relationships: Danny Fenton & Tucker Foley & Sam Manson, Jack Fenton/Maddie Fenton/Vlad Masters
Series: Chimaera [1]
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1. The Accident

Author's Note:

- Inspired by Doppelgänger by CrzyFun.

  Hey, y'all!

  This is a new fic of mine! It's inspired by Doppelgänger, by CrzyFun, and that fic is AWESOME. I am totally serious. Go check that out if you haven't already. I promise you won't be disappointed.

  As for this fic, it's basically the premise of: Vlad gets therapy from a ghost therapist (more about her later :3c) and becomes more mentally healthy, but is still a *bit* of a fruit loop, but is still in therapy, sooo yeah. Also, I just really don't like the love triangle trope. So, yeah, this ship is a thing with me, if only because even if love triangles do happen irl, that's just not a thing that vibes with me.

  Okay, ADD causing me to ramble. I think everything else important is in the tags, and I can't think of ant CW's, so on with the story!

  Edit 4/09/21: this isn't an update, y'all, just a bunch of HUGE edits to the chap. It really needed more editing time than I gave it, buuut it's fixed now. Next chapter incoming.

Danny scratched his head awkwardly as he watched his downtrodden parents march out of the lab. The automatic doors slid smoothly shut behind them.

The lab was modestly large thanks to Vlad-dad's wealth, with olive green walls and white countertops lining one wall littered with half remembered projects with a steel sink for sanitizing as well as a decontamination area. Ectoplasmic powered weapons hung

haphazardly from the wall across from it, and a steel table sat between the space, cluttered with inventions and other minutiae. Built into the former wall was the Ghost Portal, a hexagonal opening that went through the wall, the front and doors covered in caution paint. The wall beside it held a glass containment area. It currently held a few animal ghosts inside, ones that had been smart enough to seek out natural portals, which opened up occasionally in Amity Park.

Danny sighed, running his hand through his hair.

“Well that was awkward.” Sam said, chewing her lip.

Danny laughed, scrubbing a hand through his already messed up hair. “Just a bit.”

“Are they going to be okay?” Tucker asked, a furrow in his brow. “I mean, this thing was a lifelong dream of theirs... It has to be hard.”

Danny shrugged. “It'll be hard, but they'll bounce back. They always do.”

Sam frowned. “So, this Portal,” she gestured towards it, “can it really work?”

Danny blinked. “Uh. In theory?”

Sam sighed and shook her head with a smile. “Dork.”

Danny wasn't sure how to respond to that. It turned out he didn't have to.

Glass shattered, and a furious roar resounded throughout the lab. Danny's heart was stuck in his throat, his breaths coming fast and short as he searched frantically for a weapon nearby.

“No time!” Sam yelled, grabbing his arm and tugging him along. His legs felt like jelly as they broke into a run. A ghost bat swooping overhead had all three of them ducking, and a glowing puma leapt over them, blocking the doorway with a hungry growl.

Danny's eyes caught on the Portal. “In here!”

“Are you stupid-?!” Sam started.

“Argh, no time to argue!”

Normally the doors would seal shut with a worded command. But as they hurried inside, winded and out of breath and Danny shouted the command words, they didn't. The animals streamed in behind them.

The bat screeched, green wings flapping above him as it dove down on him. He brought up his arms as it bit down, and as its fangs sunk in he felt something snap. Sam’s screams pierced his ears, and several loud percussive blasts were eclipsed by the beating of wings, nearly drowning out Tucker’s cry.

Pain flashed through his ankle, and he cried out as something cold and scaly wound around him, claws scrabbling up his body as it bit him again on the neck. He couldn’t breathe. His vision blurred and everything seemed to swoop and spin around him. His stomach rebelled and he leaned over and expelled his stomach on the floor. The floor swooped out from under him, and he fell against the wall. Something decompressed underneath him.

Pain electrified them.

It turned human screams into animalistic howls, transformed flesh and bone into sentient ectoplasm, melded minds and unified souls into one screaming cacophony.

For a long while pain was all they knew. Then, slowly, it faded. A dull ache pulsed deep inside them, reaching down into their core and squeezing. They stood up shakily and stretched, tail flicking out in satisfaction once they were done. They flicked their ears as they padded out of the Ghost Portal, shivering at the transition from warm to cold. They twitched their whiskers, folding their wings carefully against their back.

I dunno about you guys, but I wanna sleep for a week. Sam thought with a yawn, open jaws showing an impressive array of teeth.

Same, Tuck agreed.

Yeah, me too, Danny said.

Their head swiveled towards the door, ears perked just as the lab doors burst open, mom, orange-dad, Vlad-dad, and Jazz storming in bristling with ecto weapons.

“Stay right where you are, ghost scum! I'm going to rip you apart molecule by molecule!” Orange-dad shouted.

“Mom, where's Danny? Where's Sam and Tucker?” Jazz asked, eyes worried, and their ears perked.

Mom's gaze flicked around the destroyed lab, surprise and delight alighting on her face as she saw the Portal. Whatever she saw must have reassured her, as her eyes hardened, and she set her sights on them - on the ghost.

Wait. They were a ghost?

Shit.

Just wait until Dash found out.

Oh shit they were dead. They were super super dead. Goodbye hot babes, goodbye technology. They hardly knew ye.

What were they supposed to tell their parents? Well, not *right now* . But how are they supposed to live with them, interact with them, like *this* ?

The boom of an ectoblast broke them out of their thoughts, and they leapt to the side, the smell of burnt ectoplasm reaching their nose as pain shot through their prehensile tail. They turned and froze, staring down the barrel of their mother's ecto gun.

Their heart was filled with dread, but then resolve filled them. They met their mother's *the hunter's* eyes and bared their teeth in defiance.

The gun fired.

"Oh, butter biscuits."

The shot… went wide. Vlad-dad gave mom *the hunter* an apologetic look, the ecto gun knocked askew by his elbow.

A sickly sweet smell caught their attention. Nearly distracted them.

But they couldn't waste any more time. They leapt into the Ghost Portal, swirling green swallowing them up and then they were gone, gone, *gone* .

They drifted through the Infinite Realms, the green ectoplasm that buoyed them up soothing as they slowly absorbed it, regaining their strength. The circulating nebulae in the air were gold and silver, and while something told them that they weren't necessarily dangerous, they still decided to steer clear for now.

They wandered for a while, trying to steer clear of any inhabitants. They remembered what their parents had said about ghosts.

But was that even true? *They* were a ghost. So they couldn’t be all bad.

Yeah, but… how would they know? If they were bad, they meant. Could they just be bad without knowing it?

They didn’t know. They really didn’t want to find out.

They finally found a floating island with an abundance of lush greenery, the canopy of trees overhead reassuring a deep instinctual part of them. They dug up a nest near the trunk of a large tree and curled up in it, tail over their nose.

Goodnight. Danny thought, their ears tilting sadly. They’d never felt more alone with themselves. But then, existence was new to them.

Go to sleep, Danny. Things will look better in the morning.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

> They awoke with a start. It was pitch black, and they were compressed, contained. When they pressed on the walls of their prison there was no give, only stark cold and the distant feeling of movement, bobbing up and down almost as if the person in question were walking.
>
> They shifted uneasily.
>
> *This can't be good.* Danny thought.
>
> *You think?*
>
> OR: Vlad-dad captures the trio after the whole Portal debacle. Semi-helpfulness (from Vlad) and a mistrustful attitude (from Chimaera) ensues.

With a rush of expanding air they were released from their prison, landing crouched on all fours with a hard clack of talons on linoleum. They spun about, quick as a flash to confront their attacker, fangs bared with a growl building in the back of their throat.

“Calm down, Daniel. There is no need for violence.” Vlad-dad *Vlad* said, standing across from them with his arms behind his back in a perfect show of ease. They were in a darkly lit study, tomes lined the walls and a window outside revealed the countryside. “You are *safe*. That, I promise you.”

Something in them eased at the words, but mistrust still reigned. Their ears flattened to their skull, and their tail lashed in agitation, slicing clean through the bookcase behind them.

“Hm.” Vlad eyed them, his eyes keen yet wary. “Alright, you may trust me on your own time. But at least listen to what I have to say. You must be very confused. I know I was, when I was in your shoes. Though I admit from what I've gathered that your situation is quite

different from mine.”

They hissed, baring their fangs with their wings flaring threateningly. How could he possibly understand?! Adults *never* understand.

He’s just trying to trick us, like that one level in Doomed. They just need to get all the level ups before he does.

So, escape?

Yeah, escape.

A flash of pink light caught their attention, as two halos of pink light moved down Vlad's body, changing it as it went. His black suit turned white, his shoulders broadening as a white cape with red lining flared behind him. His skin turned deep blue, and his eyes a blood red, his hair turning black as fangs protruded from his mouth.

He met their gaze. They instinctively hooded their eyes and turned slightly away. “Trust for trust, Daniel. I am a half-ghost, just as you are.”

They shifted uneasily. A half-ghost? What did that mean, exactly? Were they dead or were they alive?

Could it be both?

They guessed so.

But how did they die?

The Portal?

But, wait– no way! That’s something out of a sci-fi movie!

...Actually that’d be kinda cool.

They dig it.

“Let me help you, Daniel.” Vlad said reaching out a hand.

They canted their ears back. They still didn't trust him. But they knew they needed his help.

They dipped their head at him, and Vlad gave them a fanged smile. "Alright. Let's begin."

Author's Note:

> Ok, so, before I post the next chapter I should explain a bit of my writing process. Recently I've been writing a bit of an intro into a one shot that sets the tone for the overall scene, but what ends up being written never shows up in the actual work. K? K.